

The image is the front cover of a book titled 'THOMAS & FRIENDS REALLY USEFUL STORIES FOR GROWING UP'. The background is a bright blue sky with white clouds. In the upper left, a green crane with a face and the name 'CRANKY' on its side is visible. Below it, a large grey industrial building with several windows stands. In the foreground, three steam locomotives are shown from the chest up, facing forward. From left to right: a black locomotive with a white face, a blue locomotive with a white face, and a green locomotive with a white face. All three have red buffers and are connected by a red coupling. The green locomotive on the right has its eyes closed and a content smile. The blue locomotive in the middle has wide, happy eyes. The black locomotive on the left also has a happy expression.

**THOMAS
& FRIENDS**

**REALLY
USEFUL STORIES
FOR GROWING UP**





CREATED BY BRITT ALLCROFT



Based on the Railway Series by The Reverend W Awdry.

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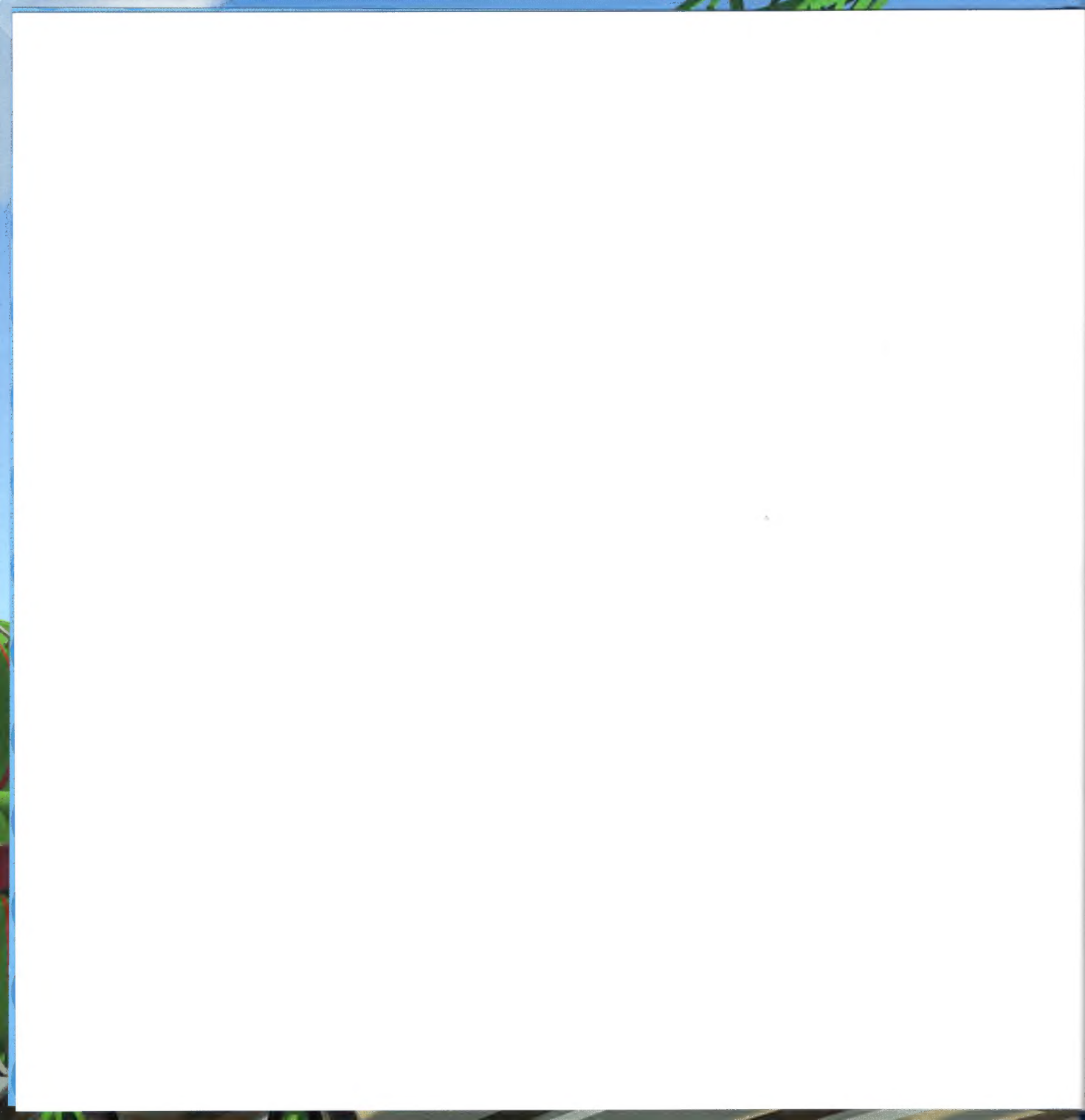


HIT entertainment



REALLY USEFUL STORIES FOR GROWING UP

Random House  New York





BEING KIND



Written by Nancy Parent

Illustrated by Valeria Orlando, Tomatofarm

The Island of Sodor was buzzing with excitement. Everyone was getting ready to celebrate Sir Topham Hatt's anniversary of running the railway.





Alicia Botti was going to sing with the band. A photographer was coming to take pictures for the *Sodor Times*. And the Mayor was hard at work on his speech.

Meanwhile, down at Brendam Docks, Thomas, Emily, and Henry talked about the plans with Porter and Salty.

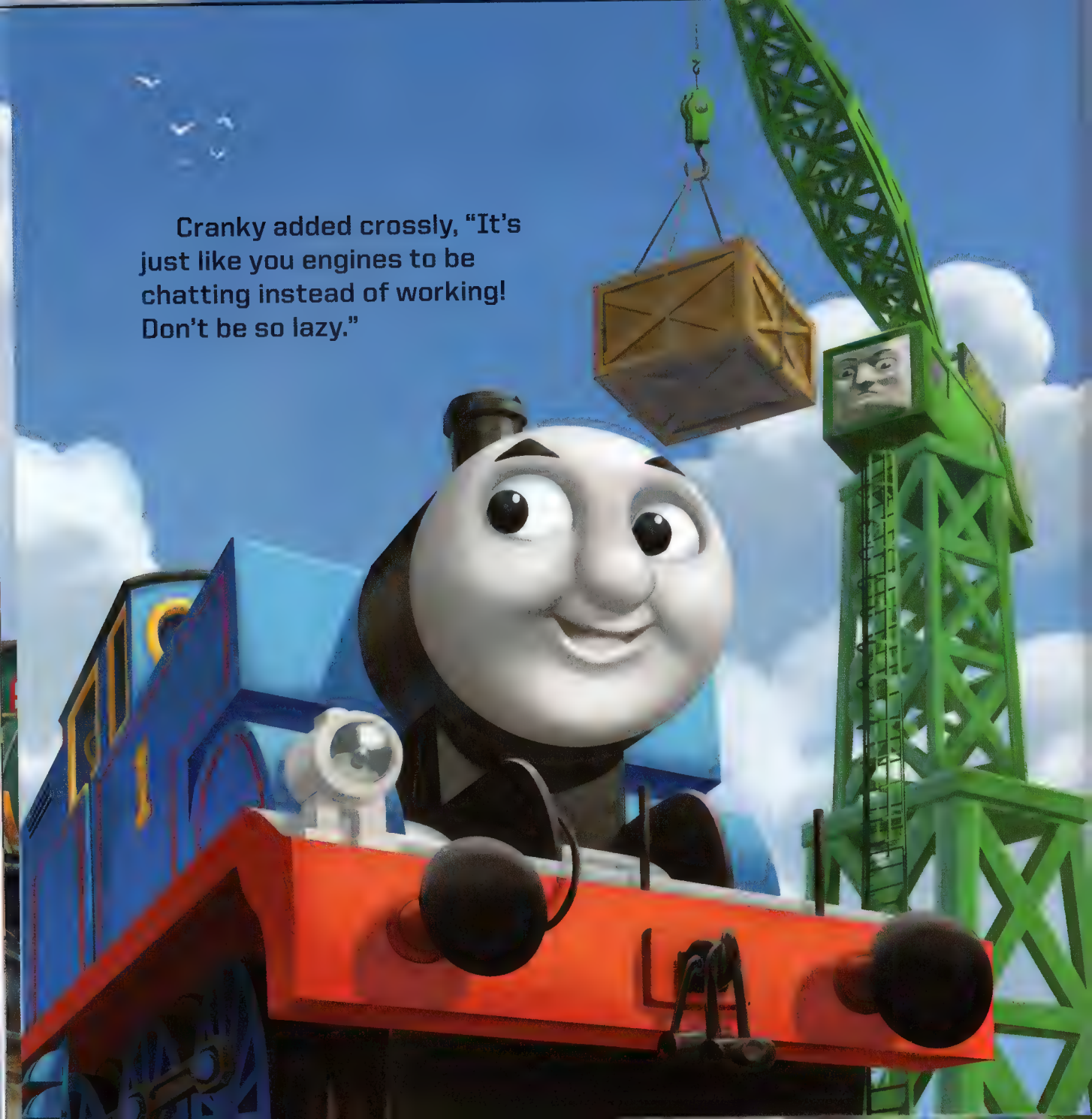
"Wow!" said Thomas. "I hear there will be lots of passengers to deliver to the party."

But a very cranky Cranky quickly said, "Hurry up, you silly engines. This cargo needs to be unloaded. We don't have all day!"





Cranky added crossly, "It's just like you engines to be chatting instead of working! Don't be so lazy."





"Bubbling boilers," Porter said, starting to get mad.
"Cranky is being very unkind."

Emily tried to calm Porter down. "Just ignore him,"
she replied. "It's not worth getting angry about."

But the more the engines ignored Cranky, the
crankier he became.

Salty whispered, "I think Cranky is being unkind because he's unhappy. Since he can't leave the docks, he misses all the fun."

"Fizzling fireboxes!" cried Thomas. "You're right, Salty! Cranky must feel really sad to be left out all the time."



Suddenly, an idea flew into Thomas' funnel.
"Listen, everybody!" he said quietly. "Since Cranky
can't come to the party, let's bring the party to him!"

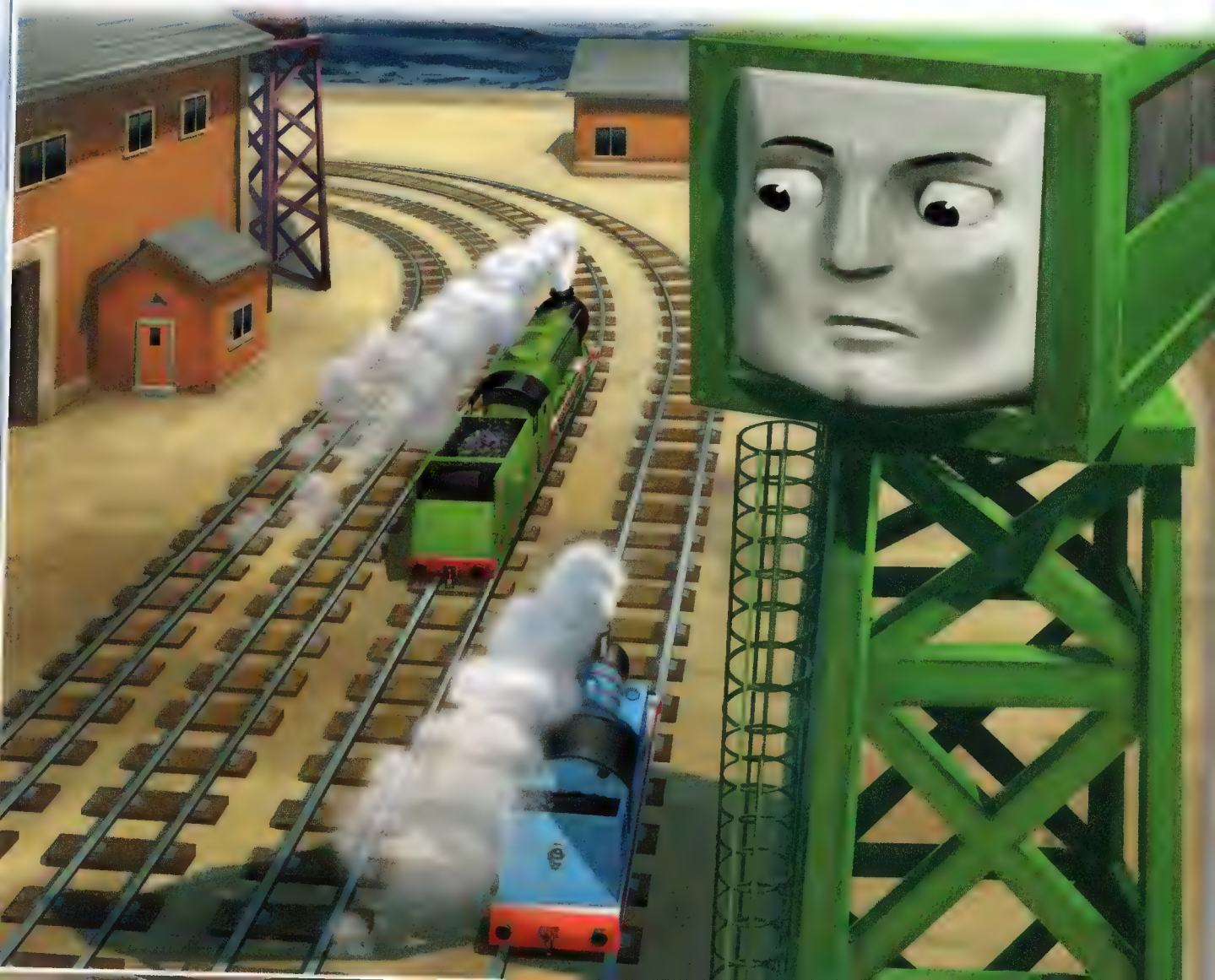
Thomas asked all his friends to kindly collect
balloons, streamers, and fairy lights, then carry them
all to the docks.



Just then, Cranky saw the engines chuff off in different directions.

"Where are you going?" he called grumpily. "It's getting dark. We've got work to do!"

But with whistles peeping, the engines just kept going.





A while later, Thomas' friends puffed back to the docks with all the decorations. The Drivers and Workmen got busy stringing lights and hanging balloons on the very tall crane. Cranky looked puzzled.

Meanwhile, Thomas went to see the Mayor and then Harold the Helicopter.

Harold was soon flying overhead pulling a long sign that read "Everyone is invited to a party at Brendam Docks!"

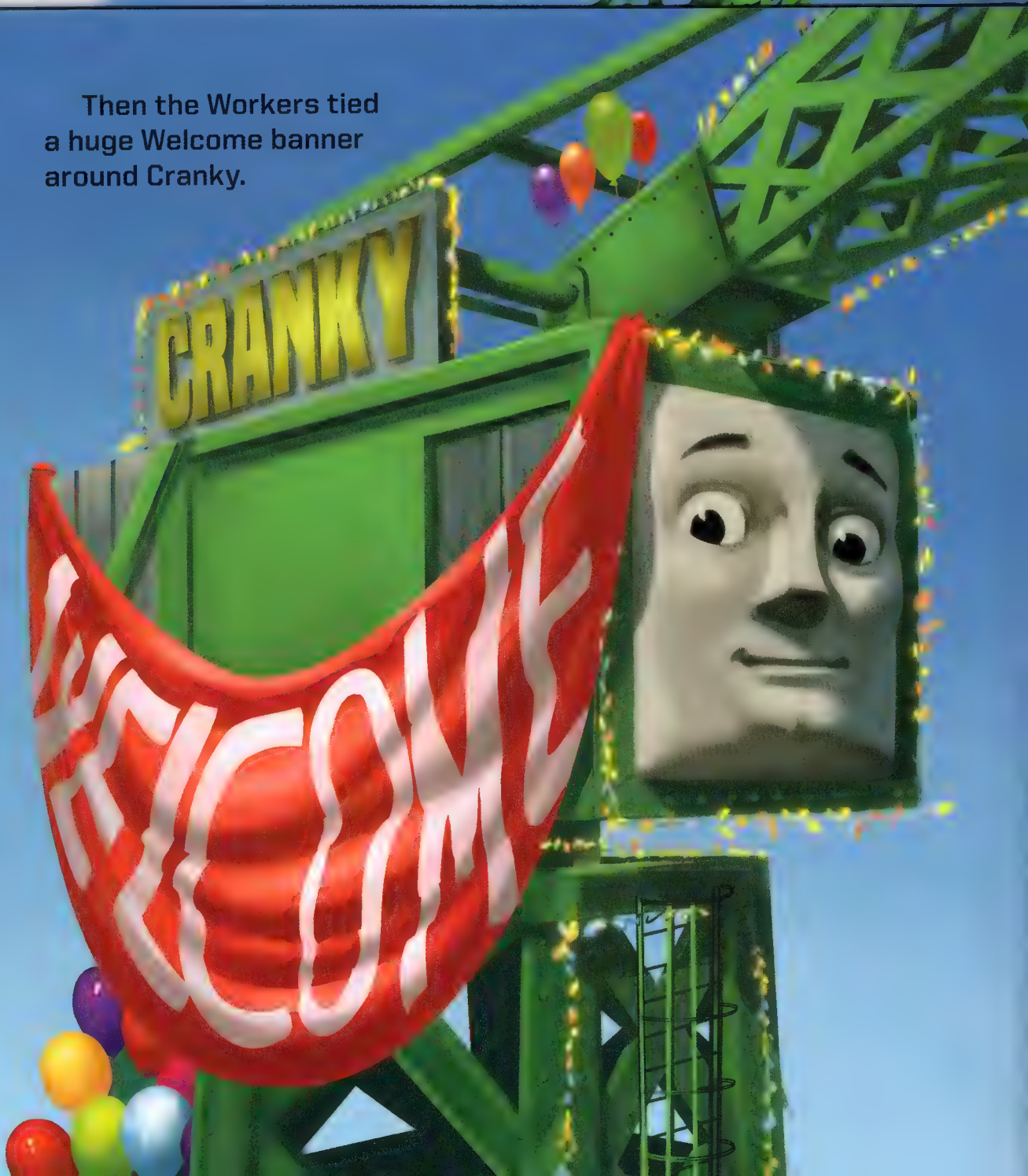




Looking up, Cranky was surprised to see Harold's sign. But he began to smile when Percy puffed in with Alicia Botti and the band.

"This is the perfect spot for singing," said Alicia, pointing right in front of Cranky. "The band must set up here, please."

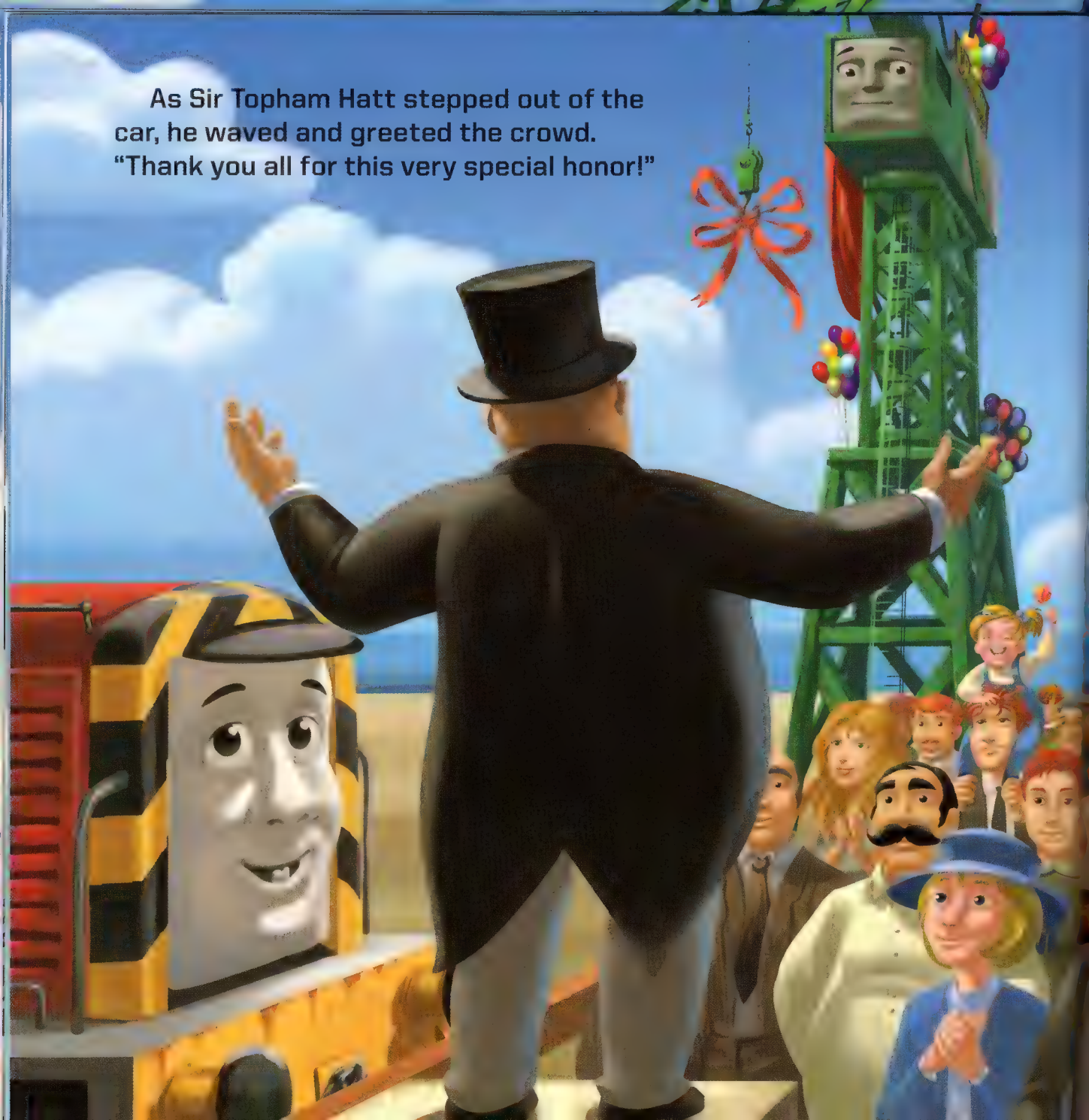
Then the Workers tied
a huge Welcome banner
around Cranky.



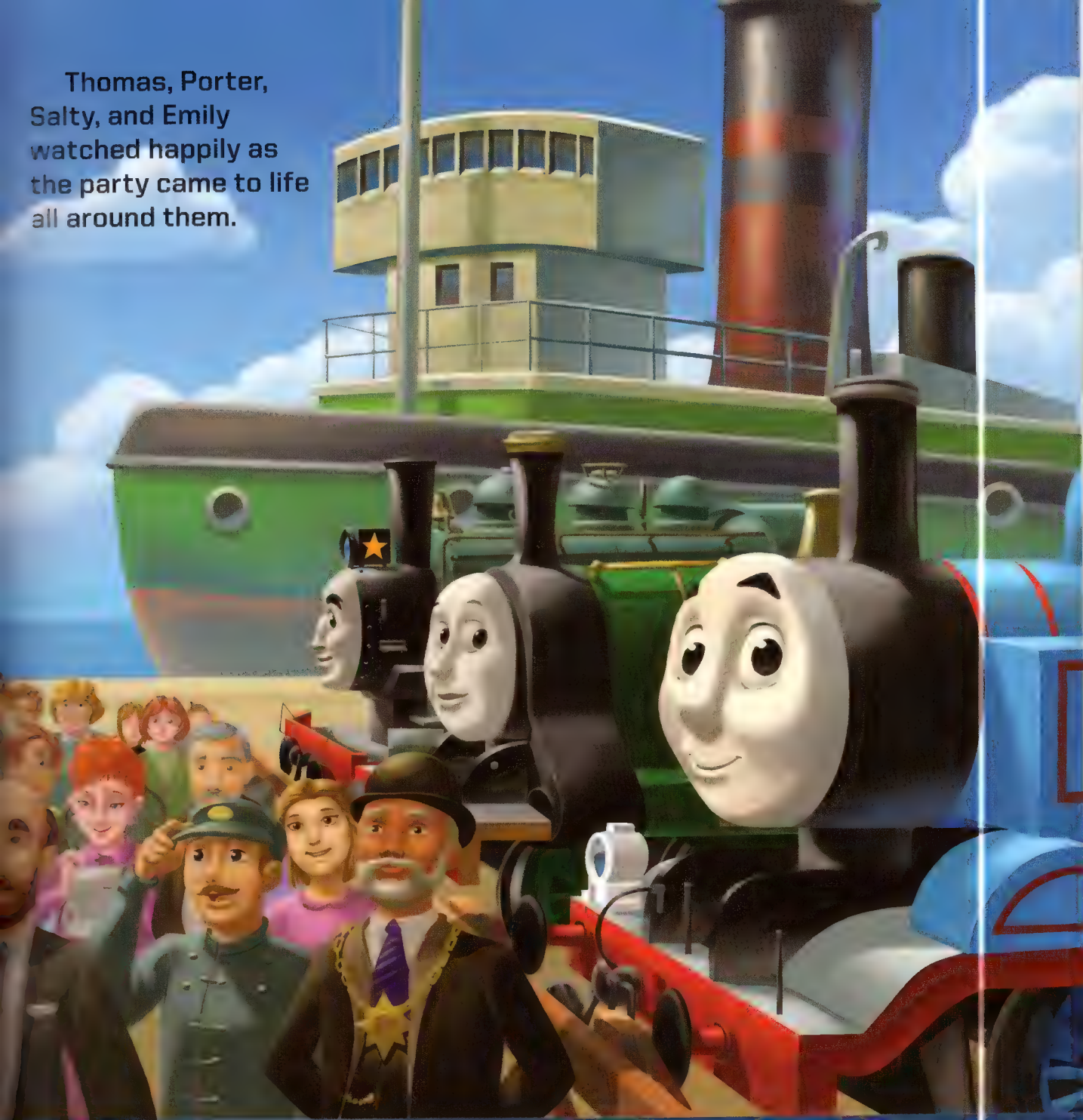


Next James and his red coaches chuffed in with lots of passengers, including Sir Topham and Lady Hatt.

As Sir Topham Hatt stepped out of the car, he waved and greeted the crowd.
"Thank you all for this very special honor!"



Thomas, Porter,
Salty, and Emily
watched happily as
the party came to life
all around them.



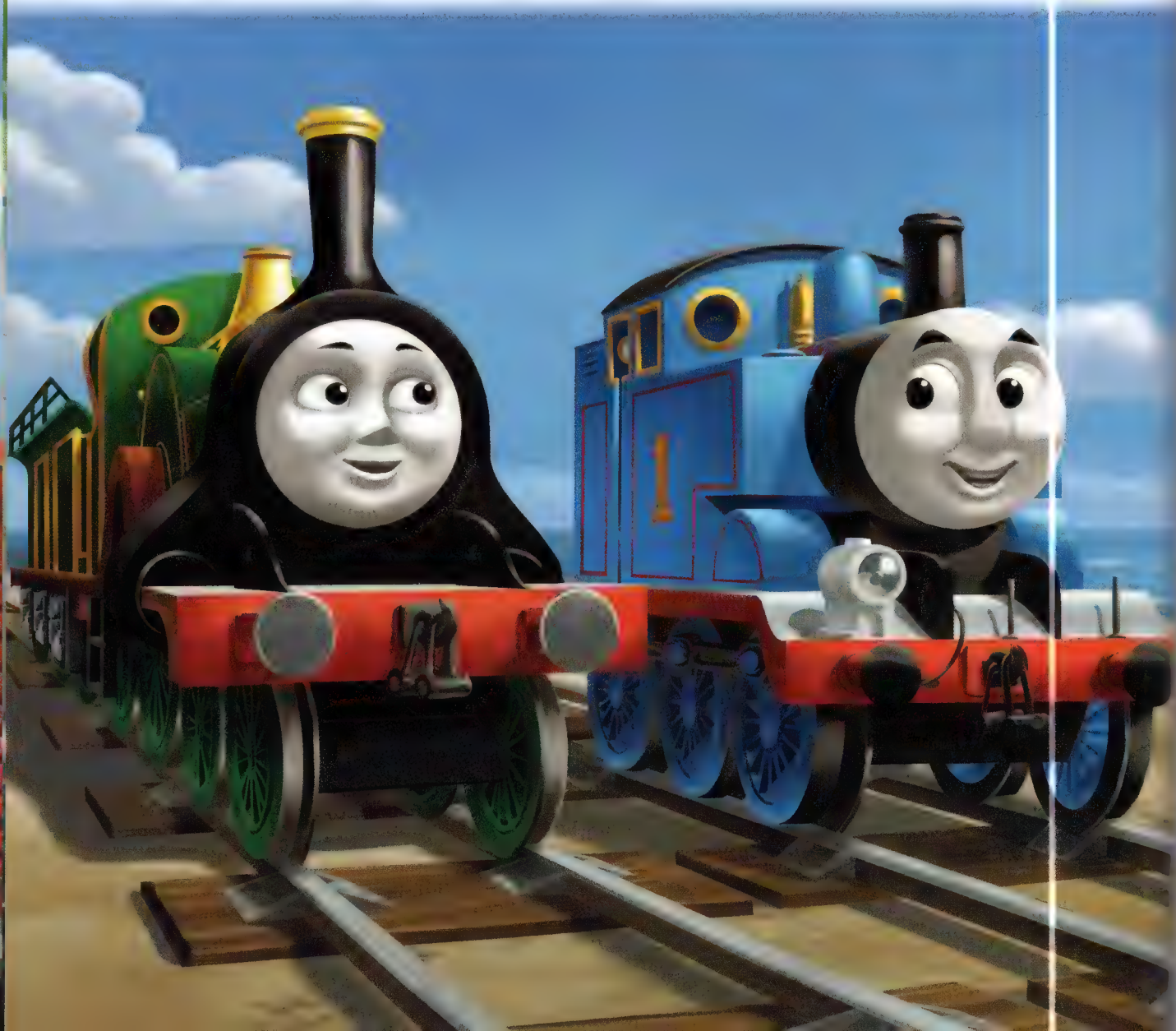
After the Mayor made a speech, there was a splendid fireworks display from onboard Captain, which lit up the sky.





Sir Topham Hatt came forward and cleared his throat. "You have been so very kind today to me and to each other," he said proudly. "And kindness truly counts! Being able to understand how others feel and to show them you care is very important."

"Hip, hip, hooray for Thomas!" the crowd cheered.
"Hip, hip, hooray for Cranky! Hip, hip, hooray for kindness!"





"Thank you, everyone," said Cranky. "And especially thank you, little Thomas. I'm sorry for being unkind before—but now I realize that it's much better to be kind than cranky!"



FEAR OF THE DARK



Written by Nancy Parent

Illustrated by Valeria Orlando and Fabio Paciulli, Tomatofarm

It was a busy day on the Island of Sodor. Henry had spent the day pulling heavy cargo to and from Brendam Docks. He needed to rest. So Sir Topham Hatt asked Gordon to pull the Flying Kipper that night.



"The Kipper is filled with fresh fish that must get to the Mainland before it spoils," Sir Topham Hatt explained. "And I'll need you, Gordon, to get it there."



"Yes, of course, Sir," Gordon replied.

But he was not very happy about this job. "I had a busy day, too," he moaned. "And now I have to do Henry's nighttime run. It just doesn't seem fair."





But the real reason that Gordon did not want to pull the Flying Kipper that night was because he was scared of the dark. Imagine a big, fast, splendid engine being afraid of anything—let alone the dark! Gordon was embarrassed that he was scared.



Gordon imagined all sorts of scary things at night. There could be creepy creatures lurking everywhere, just waiting to frighten him. Even noises that never bothered him in the daylight scared him. Because when the sun went down, everything was different. An engine always had to watch his wheels in the dark.



After Sir Topham Hatt left Tidmouth Sheds, Thomas turned to Gordon. "Gordon," he said, "shouldn't you go and get the Flying Kipper? It's getting late, you know."

"Yes, I'm going," Gordon grumbled.

Then the big engine pumped his pistons and puffed off to collect the Flying Kipper.

He had not gotten very far when two spooky yellow eyes blinked at him from beside the tracks.



"Fizzling fireboxes!" said Gordon nervously. "Steady now. You are a fast and powerful engine. There's nothing to be afraid-i-i-i-d of. . . ."

But as he chuffed along, Gordon passed a billowy white shape blowing out of the station house window. "Nothing to be afraid of . . . except for ghosts!" he yelled.





Gordon started to hum a little tune to stay calm. It was working until he passed by Farmer McColl's barn. On the side of the building was a giant winged monster whooshing, wheeshing, and flapping furiously!

"Bubbling boilers!" cried Gordon. "I've had enough. Flying Kipper or not, I'm going back to Tidmouth Sheds!"



When Gordon arrived at the Sheds, Henry looked puzzled. "Gordon," he said, "back so soon? Is everything okay?"

"Well," Gordon said, "I did not actually deliver the Flying Kipper. I was delayed."



"Delayed?" Henry repeated. "By what?"

Gordon began to huff and puff before he spoke.

"First, by a creepy, yellow-eyed creature, then by a white, whooshing ghost, and finally by a frantic, flapping monster!"



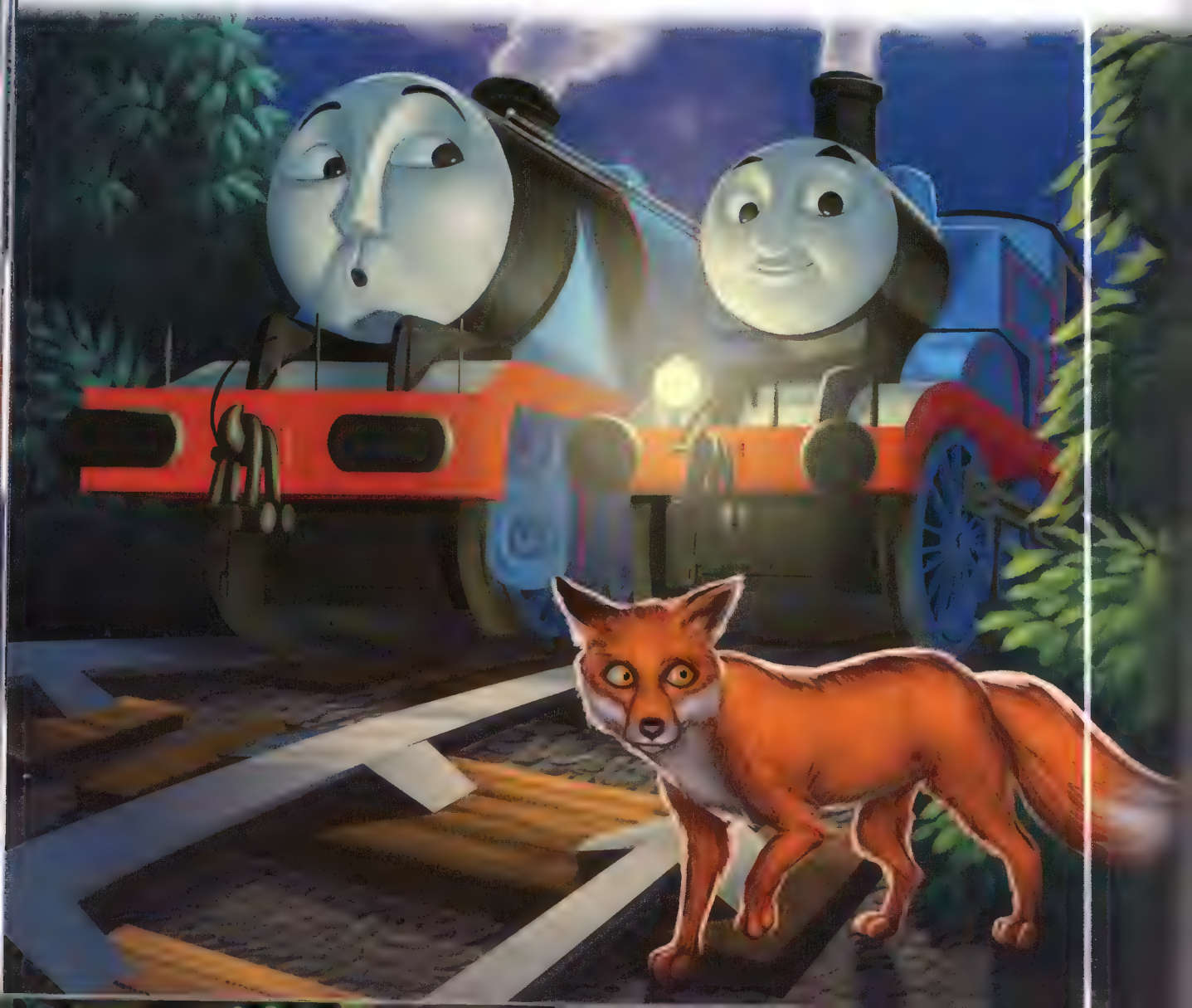
Thomas woke up just in time to hear Gordon talking. "Gordon," said Thomas, "there must be some mistake. I'm sure we can explain everything that you saw."



"No, Thomas," Gordon replied. "I'm telling you that there were frightening creatures all along the tracks tonight."

Suddenly an idea flew into Thomas' funnel. "Come with me, Gordon," he said. "We'll go get the Flying Kipper together. I'll show you that there's nothing scary out there."

As the two engines chuffed along, they passed the blinking yellow eyes on the side of the tracks. Thomas shined his lamp at the creature. "You see, Gordon," he said, "it's only a fox."





Next the engines passed the station house, looking for Gordon's ghost. Again, Thomas shined his lamp at the window.

"Bust my buffers!" cried Gordon. "Why, it's just the curtains." The big engine felt silly for feeling scared.

Finally, as they puffed past Farmer McColl's barn, Thomas saw Gordon's creepy, flapping creature. "Your monster is only a scarecrow," said Thomas. "The shadows on the side of the barn made it seem really big in the moonlight!"





"I feel so much better, Thomas," Gordon said. "Thank you."

"You know, Gordon," said Thomas, "you can always tell a friend if you're feeling scared."

"You're right, Thomas," Gordon said. "I was afraid to pull the Flying Kipper in the dark, but I know that I can do it now. I just needed a little help."



When Gordon returned to Tidmouth Sheds, the other engines told him how brave he was. Percy even shared a story about when he was afraid of the dark.

"Once I had to pull the Mail Train at night to make a Special Delivery," said Percy. "Suddenly, I came across a giant bear on the tracks, and I was really scared."



I didn't know what to do until Henry came along. We blew our whistles really loudly to wake up the bear . . ."

"But when I turned my lamp on it," said Henry, "we saw that Percy's bear was just a big old pile of logs. Whew!" The engines started to laugh.

"See?" said Percy. "It's always good to tell a friend and ask for help if you're scared."

"And you should keep your lamp on at night," said Thomas. "That way you can see what's really out there."

"Sometimes I even keep my lamp on when I'm back in my shed," said Henry.





At last, Gordon closed his eyes and settled in for the night. He was drifting off to sleep when he suddenly heard a loud creaking sound.

"Probably just crickets," he said nervously. "But I think I'll keep my lamp on . . . just in case."

In no time at all, the big, brave engine was fast asleep.



FEELINGS



Written by Nancy Parent
Illustrated by Paulo Borges, Tomatofarm



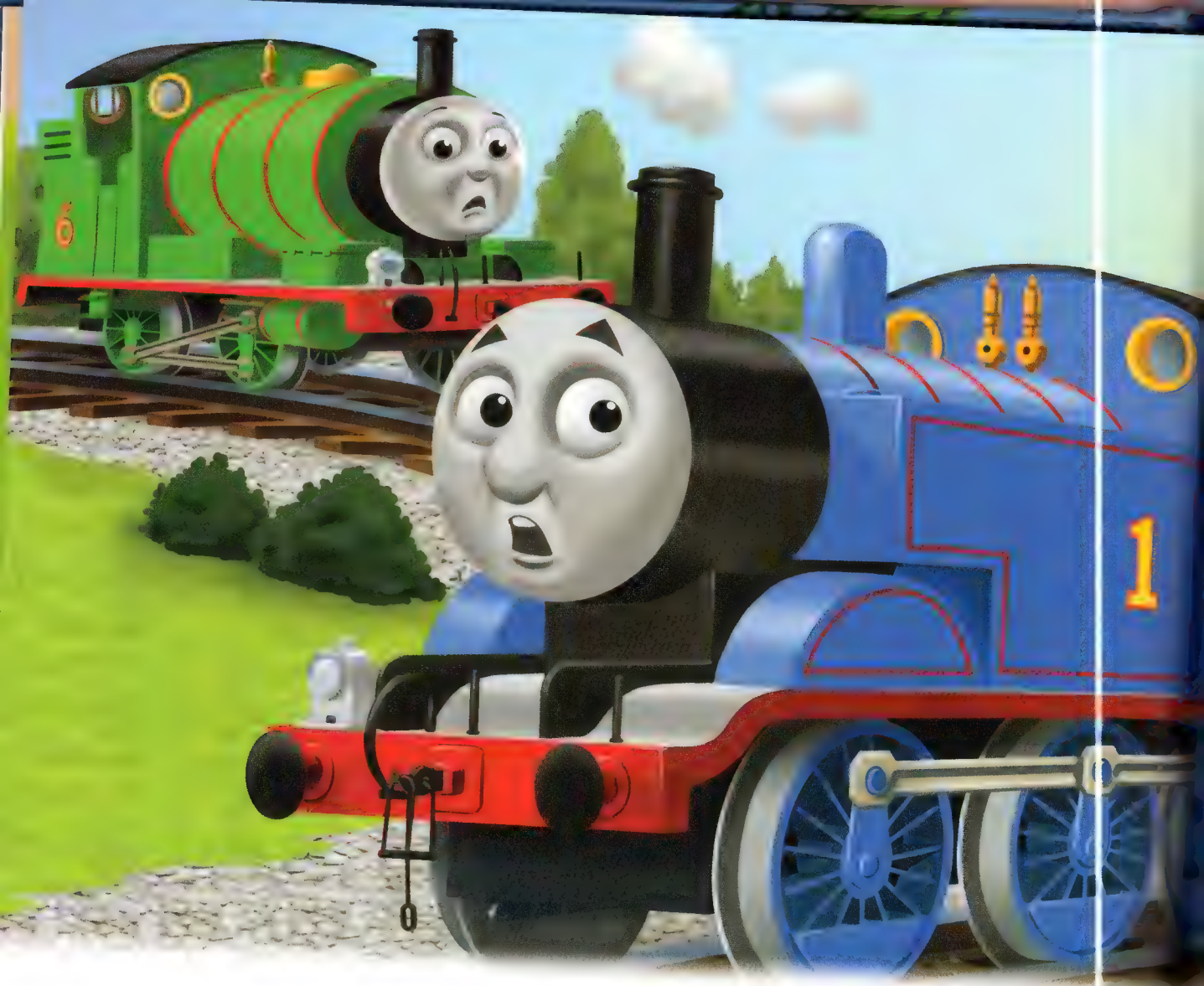
It was a busy day on the Island of Sodor. Thomas, Percy, and Diesel were shunting trucks in Knapford Yard.

"I can tell we are going to be Really Useful today," Percy said proudly. "Just look at all these trucks." He puffed up behind two that were in his way. "These aren't ours, Thomas."



"No," said Thomas. "They're Diesel's. I'd better move them carefully."

Percy watched as Thomas pushed Diesel's trucks gently along the tracks into a siding.



When Diesel chuffed back into the Yard, he saw that his trucks had been shunted aside. He felt his face get very red. "Who moved my trucks?" he shouted.



Thomas and Percy puffed over to him. "I did," Thomas replied. "They were in the way. But I was very careful with them."

"Careful, huh?" said Diesel. "I can be 'careful,' too. Watch." The big engine shoved Thomas' trucks so hard that the crates onboard flew everywhere.



"Cinders and ashes!" cried Percy. "Stop!"
"Don't get all steamed up," Diesel said
angrily. "I was just getting to you, Percy."

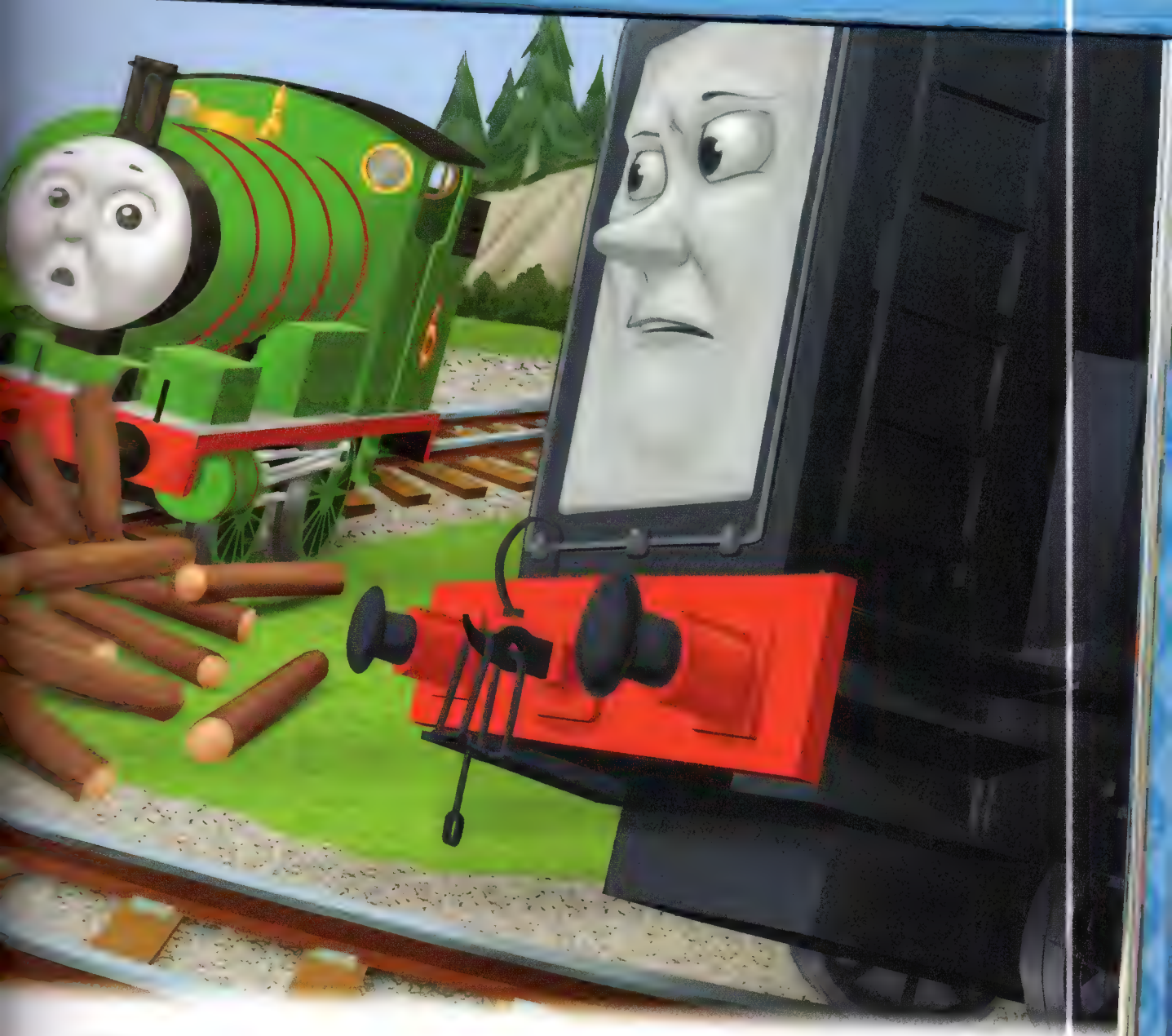
And, with that, Diesel shoved Percy's trucks so hard that the little green Steamie went right off the tracks!

"Help, Thomas," Percy shouted. "Diesel derailed me!"





Uh-oh! Now Thomas had to find someone to rescue Percy.
"Diesel," said Thomas, "look what you've done! We'll have to stop working and help Percy."



"We didn't know you would get so angry," Percy added. "If only you had used your words to tell us how you felt, we wouldn't be in the middle of such a mess."

Meanwhile, two different Troublesome Trucks had been watching closely. They began to wink and giggle softly. They liked nothing better than a good fight!



Thomas looked over at the Trucks and then at Diesel. "You know," he began, "all the engines get really annoyed when the Troublesome Trucks push and shove and cause all kinds of problems. And now you're acting just like them!"



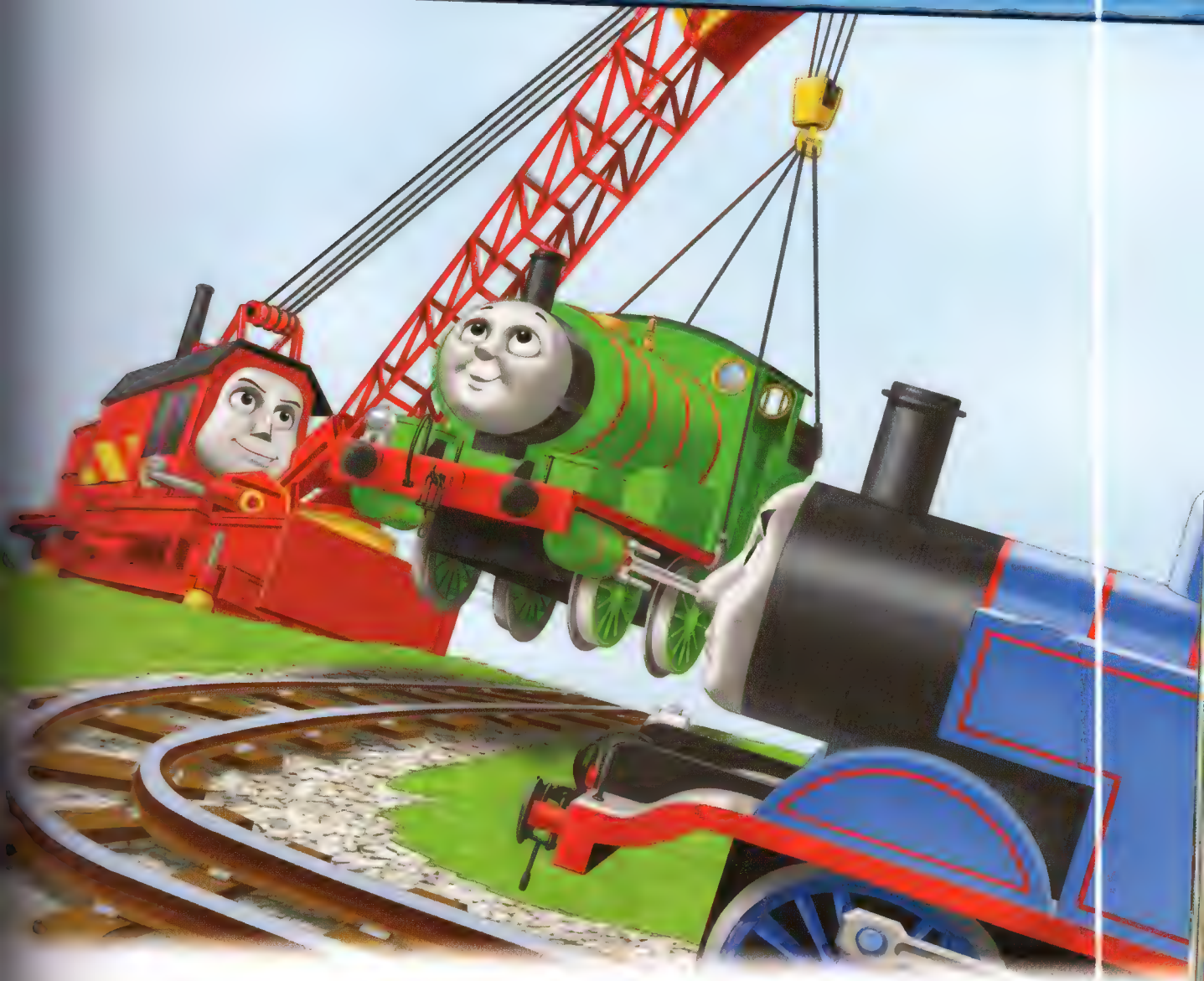
But Diesel refused to budge. "If you want me to say I'm sorry, I won't. I'm not sorry—I'm mad! Besides, I'm hard as nails and always gruff. A diesel should be rough and tough!"

Suddenly, Sir Topham Hatt arrived. "What is going on here? Who is responsible?" he asked. But he knew this was Diesel's doing.

"Now I will have to send Thomas for Rocky the Crane to rescue Percy," he said. "Please hurry!"

"Yes, Sir," said Thomas.





Thomas huffed and puffed his pistons as he chuffed off to find Rocky.

When the two returned to the Yard, Rocky went right to work. "Don't worry, Percy," Rocky said. "I'll have you back on your wheels in no time!"



Sir Topham Hatt turned to Diesel. "You have caused confusion and delay! You really must learn to control your temper, Diesel. It's wrong to push and shove. Someone could get hurt. Just think how you would feel if someone shoved you. Now, say you're sorry to Thomas and Percy. And promise me that in the future, you'll think before you act."



It was very hard for Diesel to apologize. But Sir Topham Hatt was waiting. "Sorry, Thomas. Sorry, Percy," he grumbled.

"That's better," said Sir Topham Hatt. "All right, everyone back to work!"

Just then, the Troublesome Trucks decided to give Diesel a taste of his own medicine.

"Push and shove!" they cried softly to each other. "Push and shove!"

Diesel blasted his horn to signal that he was ready to work. "Let's go," he growled.





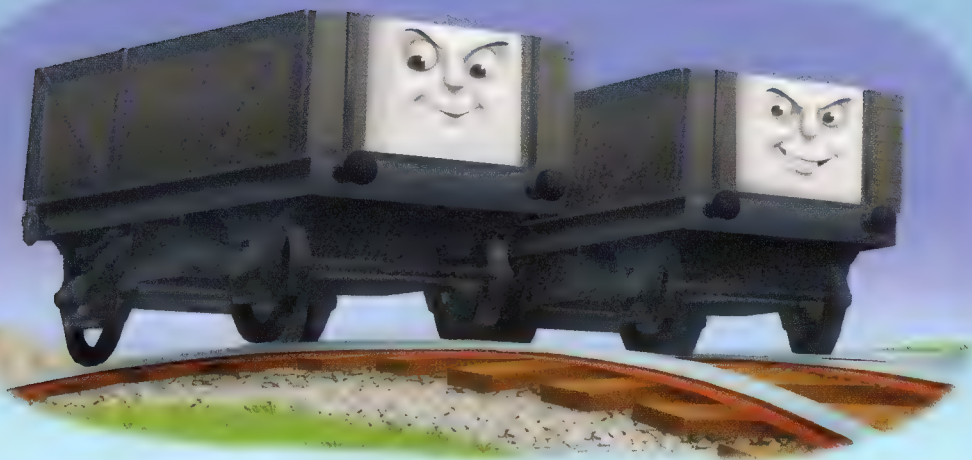
The Troublesome Trucks zoomed down the hill toward Diesel and gave him a big shove. "Did you like that?" they asked, giggling. "Did you? Did you?"

Diesel was about to shout when he stopped and took a deep breath. He thought about what Sir Topham Hatt had said. Maybe it was better to think before he acted.

But the Troublesome Trucks would not give up. "Try again, Diesel," they teased. "We'll be good! We'll be good!"

This time, when Diesel went to move, the trucks put on their brakes and held tight. Diesel pulled so hard he became uncoupled from his cargo and went off the tracks into a huge stack of barrels!

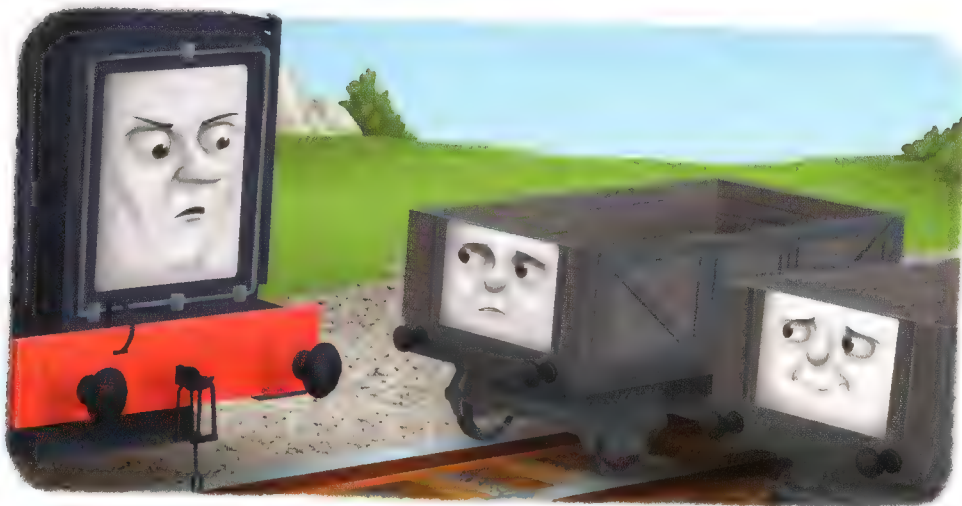




It was all Diesel could do to control his temper. But he didn't shout, shove, or blast his horn at the Trucks.

"I'm really mad at you two troublemakers," Diesel said as calmly as he could. "But I'm using my words to tell you how I feel. Maybe you'll see how much trouble you cause when you do mean things."





The Troublesome Trucks looked sad. "Sorry, Diesel. Sorry," they said.



"I've learned that if you stop pushing and shoving and start caring about others' feelings," Diesel said, "you might actually make some friends!"



MAKING FRIENDS

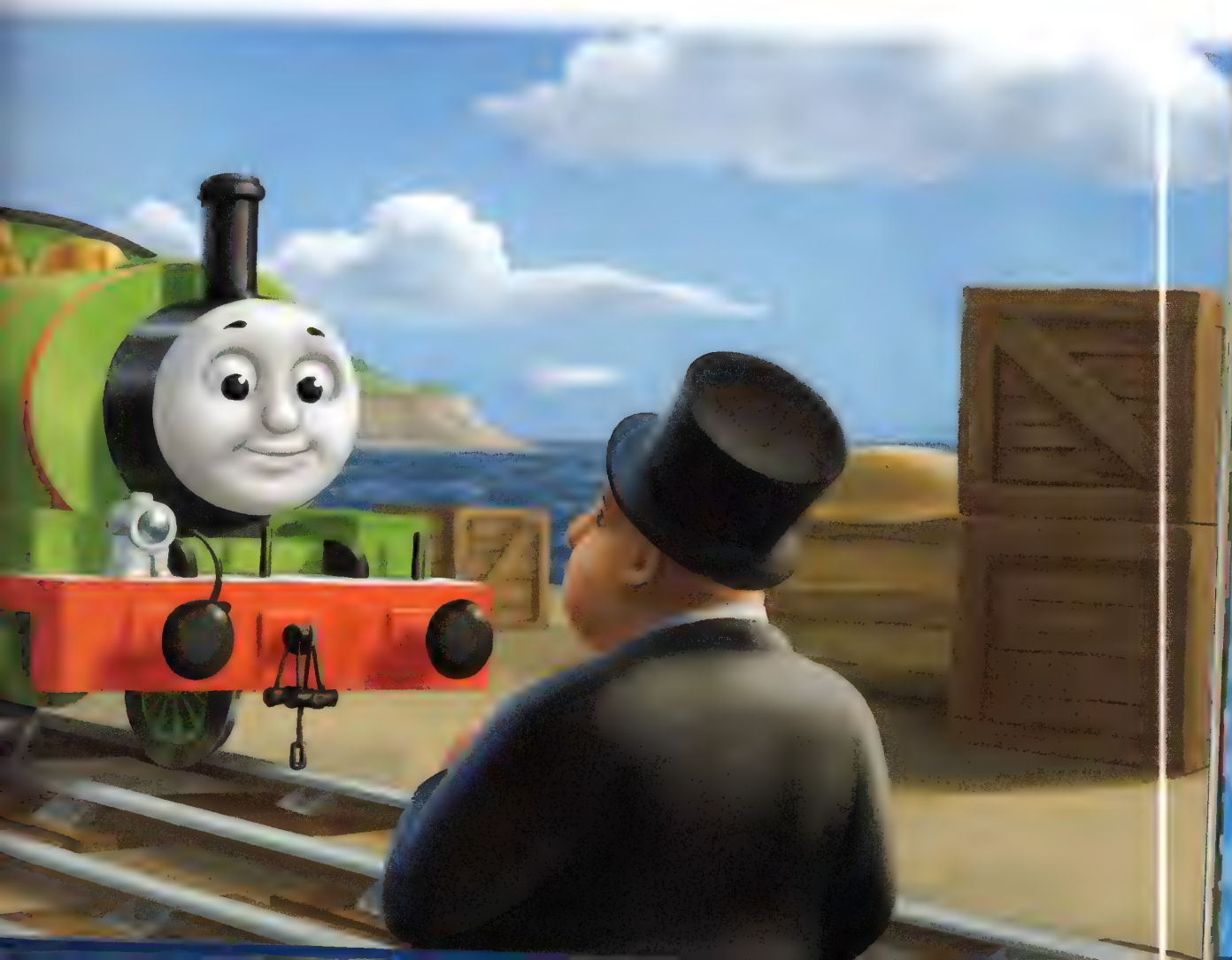


Written by Nancy Parent
Illustrated by Luigi Aimè, Tomatofarm



It was going to be a very busy day at Brendam Docks, on the Island of Sodor. Sir Topham Hatt told Thomas, Percy, and Salty about a new arrival.

"Good morning, engines. Today we have a special job to do, and Frankie is coming from the Mainland to help us. We need to unload all of the cargo from the ferry by three o'clock, so you should all work together to get the job done quickly."





Meanwhile, on the ship, Frankie was excited to go to Sodor. She was looking forward to seeing her friend Thomas again.

"I hope the other engines like me," Frankie said. "It can be a bit scary to meet new engines, but I love making friends!"







Thomas and Percy watched as Cranky lowered Frankie to the ground.

"Hi, Frankie," Thomas said cheerily. "Welcome to Sodor!"

But Frankie was too nervous to answer. "Please don't drop me!" she said to Cranky. "This isn't how we'd lower an engine at the Steelworks."

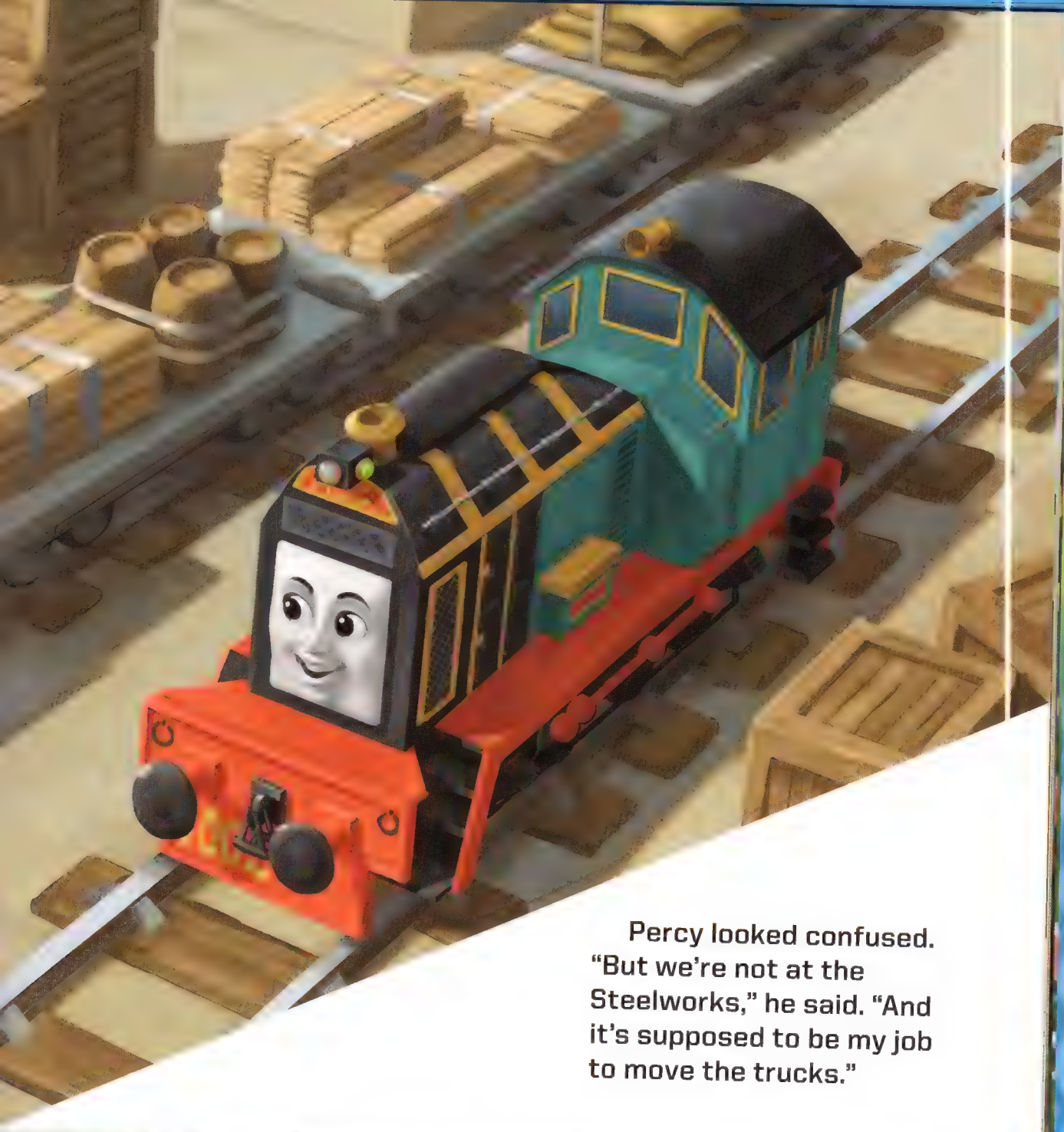
"Excuse *me!*" retorted Cranky. "I know how to lift and load. It's my job."

Percy looked a little worried. "I hope we can all get along," he whispered to Thomas.

"Don't worry, Percy," Thomas said. "Frankie will fit right in." Thomas left to pick up his passengers.

Percy was just about to start pulling the flatbeds of cargo when Frankie stopped him. "It would be much quicker for me to shunt these," she said helpfully. "That's how we sort cars at the Steelworks."





Percy looked confused.
"But we're not at the
Steelworks," he said. "And
it's supposed to be my job
to move the trucks."



Salty rolled up. "Listen up, me hearties," he began. "Did I ever tell you the story about the old lighthouse keeper?"

But Frankie interrupted him. "We don't tell stories while we're working at the Steelworks. It's quicker to do our work first."

Salty was shocked. "But we're not at the Steelworks," he said. "This is Brendam Docks, and here we like to do things our way."

Just then, Thomas rolled back into the docks.

"Your friends don't seem to like me very much," Frankie said.

"Don't worry," said Thomas. "You just have to get to know each other. Sometimes, being a good friend is learning how others do things and what to do to show that you care."





Soon another ship arrived at the docks. The cranes, engines, and shunters all wanted to be Really Useful. So they got busy unloading the ferry.

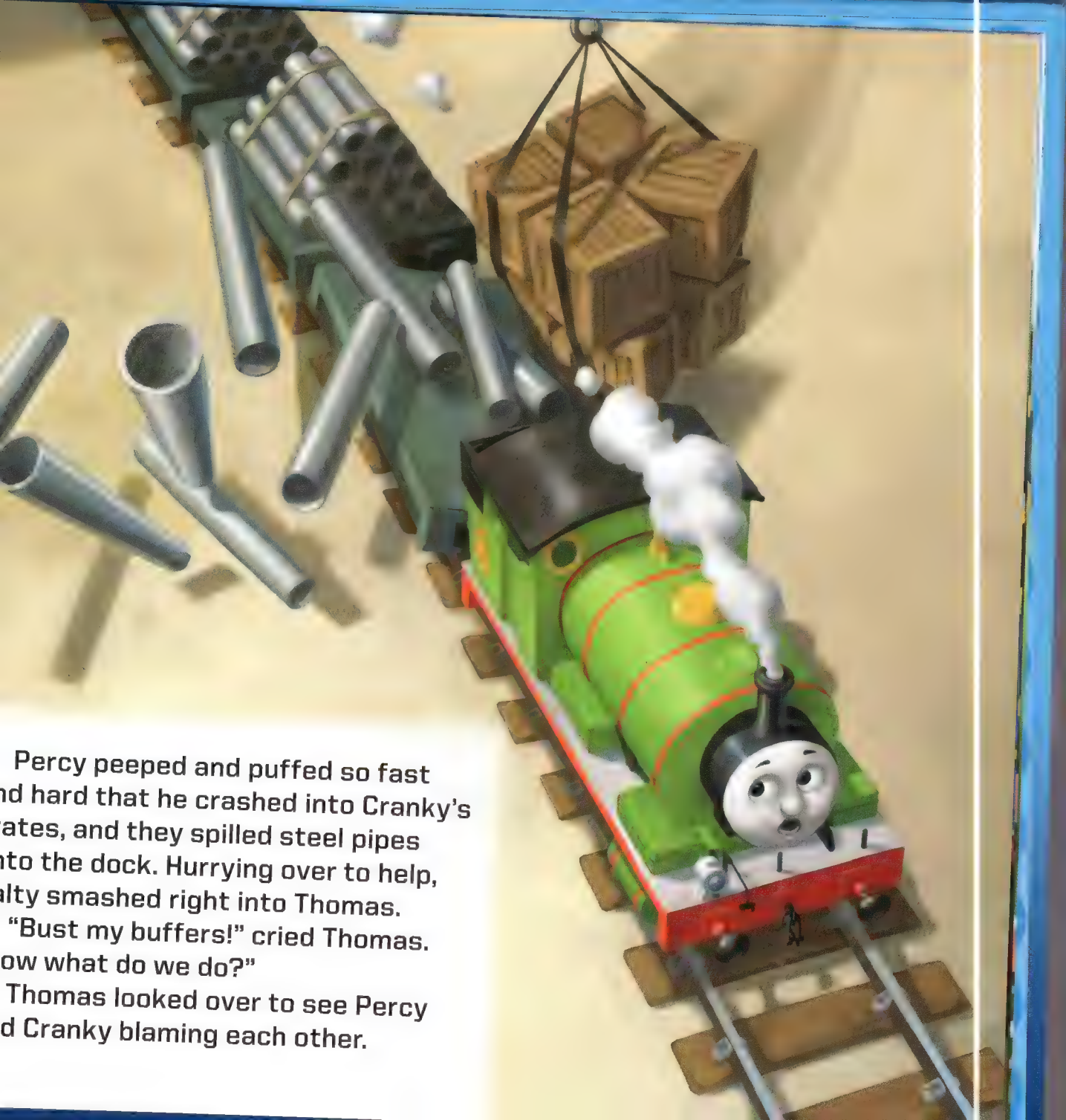


As Thomas chuffed in with another freight car, he saw Cranky unloading a stack of crates. "Hey, Frankie!" Cranky called. "Watch how we do things at the docks."

Cranky was so busy showing off to Frankie, he didn't see that his crates were about to go flying into Percy's cars.

"Percy, quick!" cried Thomas. "Move those cars out of the way!"





Percy peeped and puffed so fast and hard that he crashed into Cranky's crates, and they spilled steel pipes onto the dock. Hurrying over to help, Percy smashed right into Thomas. "Bust my buffers!" cried Thomas. "Now what do we do?"

Thomas looked over to see Percy and Cranky blaming each other.

"Oh, no!" Salty cried. "The ferry leaves at three o'clock, and we haven't finished unloading the cargo."

Frankie wanted to help and quickly started to shunt the steel pipes out of the way. "Don't worry. I'll move the pipes!" she said.



"Well done, Frankie," Thomas said. "If we all work together, we can get the job done."





“Salty,” Frankie said, “why don’t you tell us that story about the lighthouse keeper?”

Salty looked surprised. “I thought you didn’t tell stories at the Steelworks.”

Frankie smiled. “But we’re not at the Steelworks,” she said.

Everyone laughed. While they all cleaned up the docks, Salty told his story.

By three o'clock, the work was done and the ferry could leave on time. Sir Topham Hatt arrived, and everyone wanted to tell him how Frankie had helped save the day.

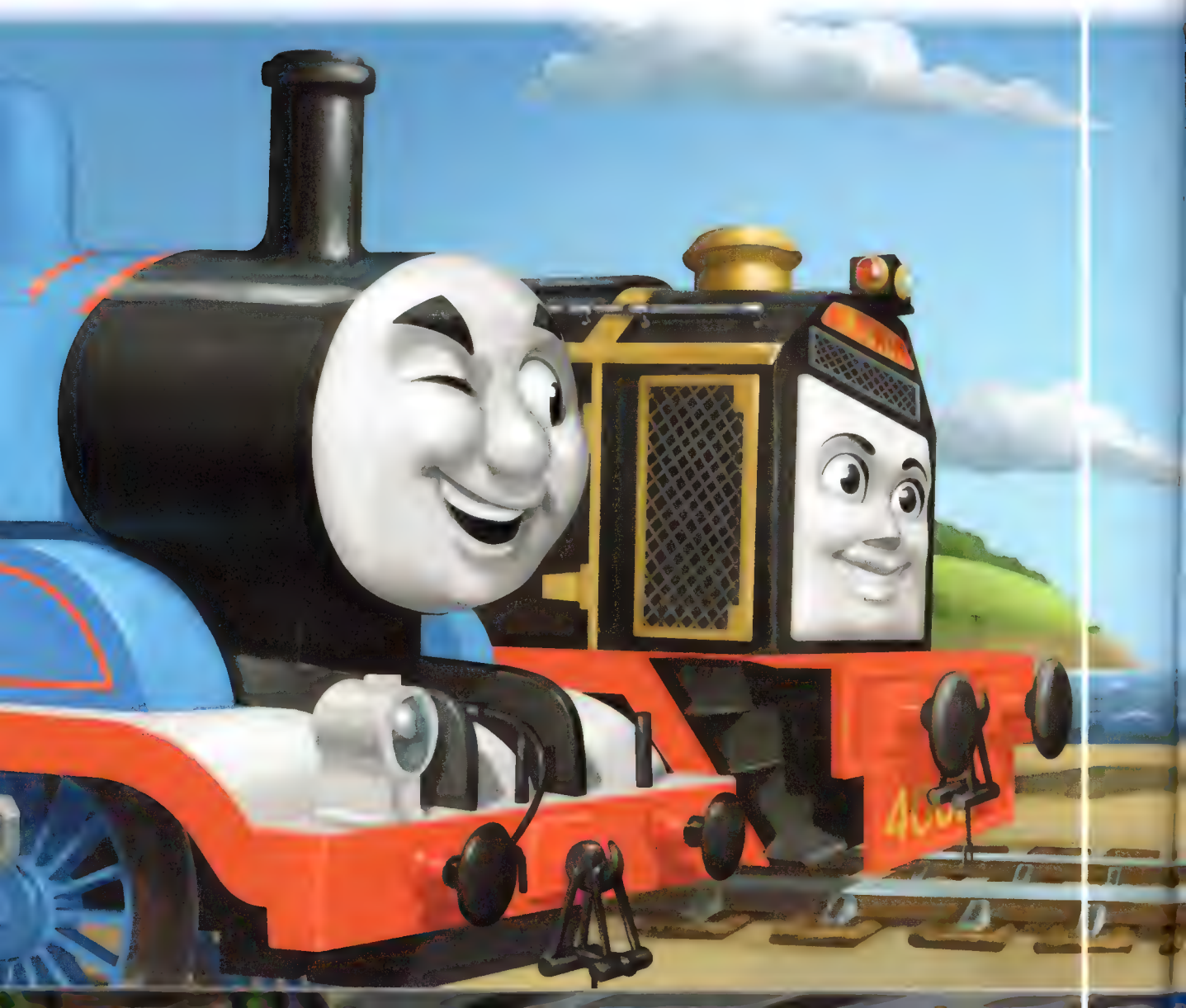
"I'm glad to hear that Frankie has been Really Useful," he said.

"And she has become our new friend," said Salty.

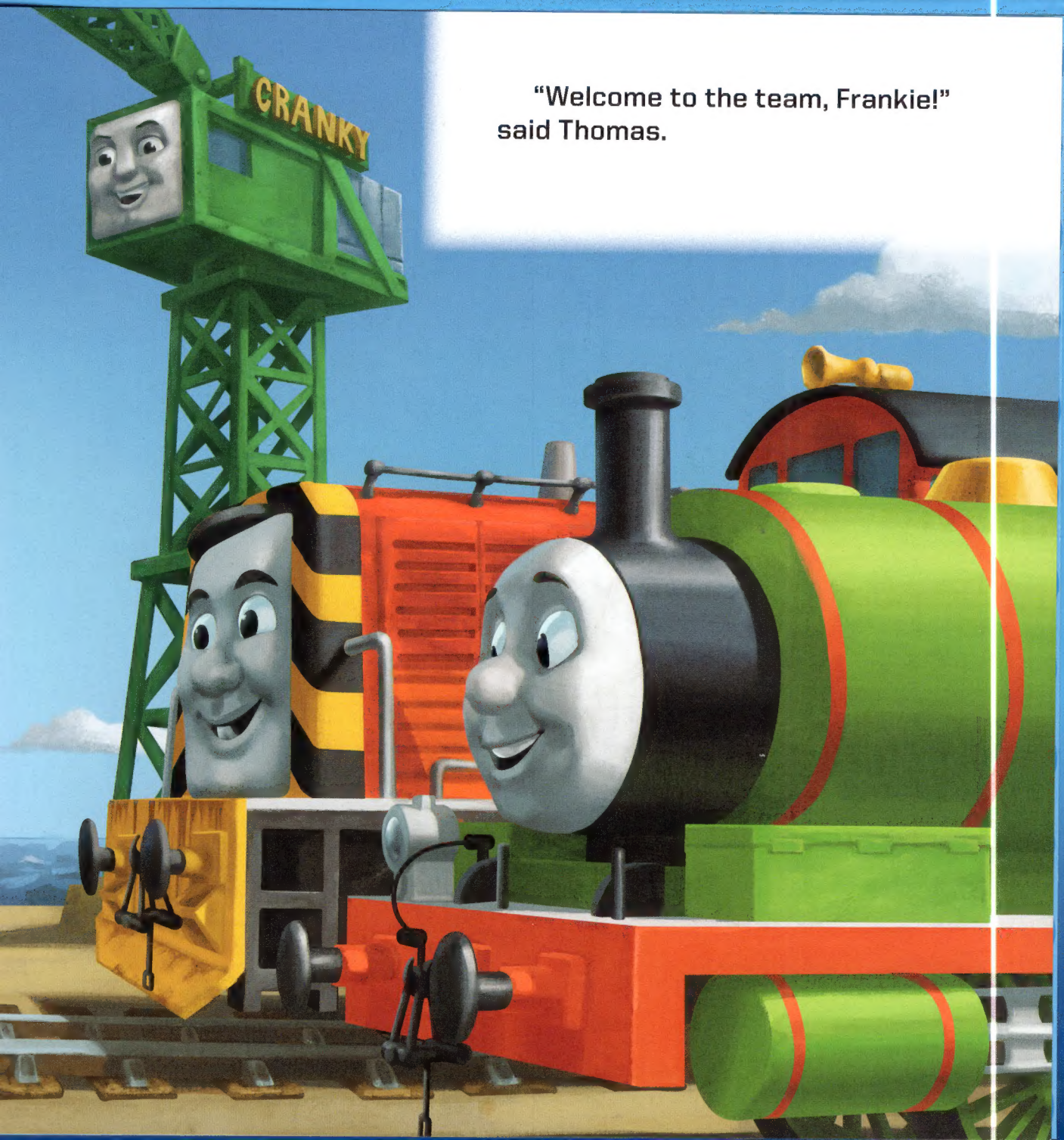


Frankie smiled at everyone. "I'm so glad we could all work together."

Thomas, Percy, Salty, and Cranky knew they couldn't have done the job without their new friend.



**"Welcome to the team, Frankie!"
said Thomas.**







Peep! Peep!

All aboard with Thomas the Tank Engine and his friends
as they share Really Useful stories for young children
about being kind, dealing with their feelings,
making new friends, and more!



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